MOON SONGS

Song Cycle

for Unaccompanied High Voice

by

Brian E. Drake

From poems by Vachel Lindsay

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1. Written for a Musician

2. What the Coal-Heaver Said

3. The Scissors-Grinder

4. What Semiramis Said

5. The Strength of the Lonely
(*What the Mendicant Said*)

6. The Spice-Tree

Written for a Musician

Words by Vachel Lindsay

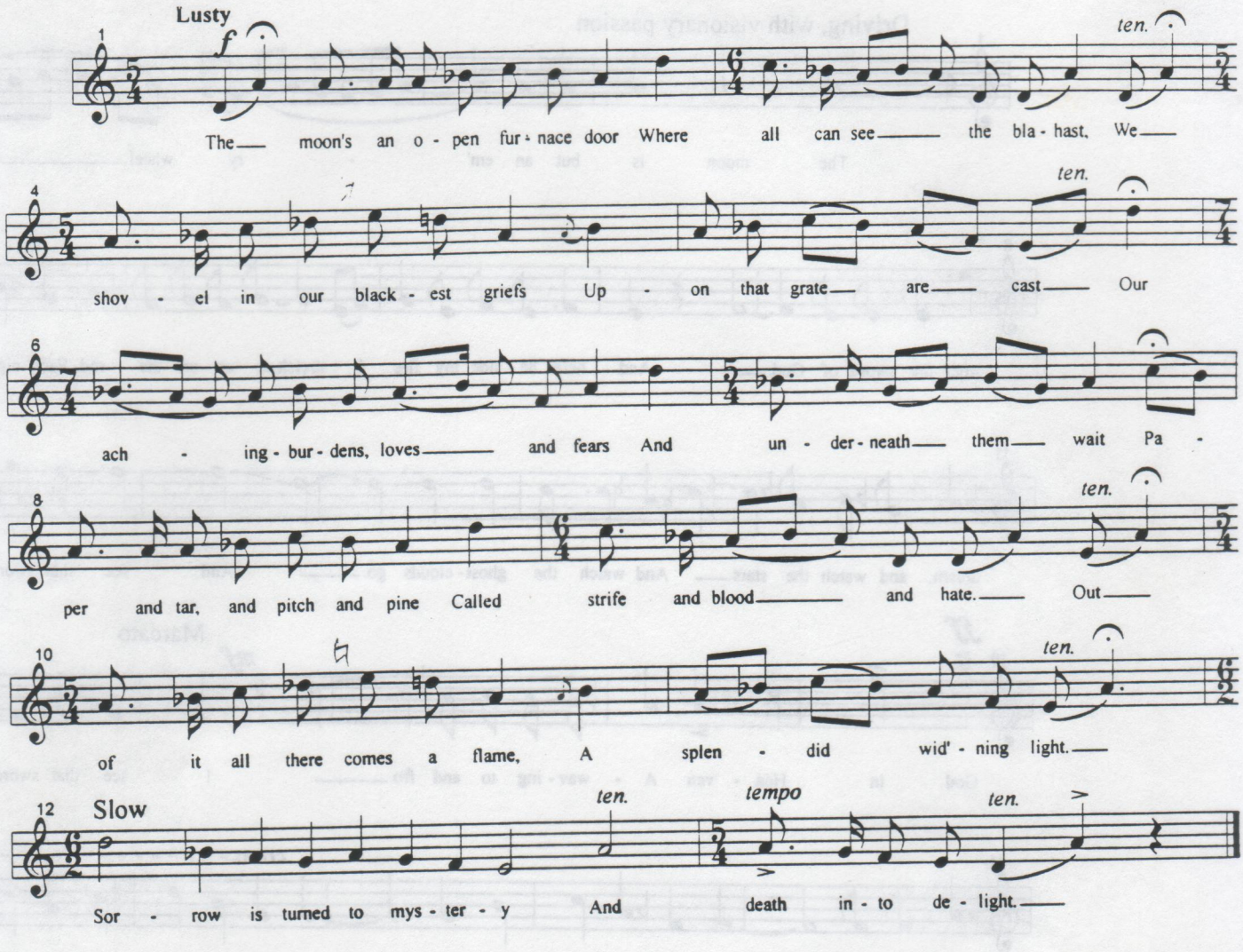
Music by Brian E. Drake

Not fast, but urgently
mp
pp
mf
Hun - gry, hun - gry for mu - sic with a des - per - ate hun - ger, hun - ger, I
pp
mf
accel.
pp
f
prowled a - broad. I thread - ed through the town, the town; The ev' - ning crowd was cla - mor - ing and
ff
p
whispered
Slow
f
drink - ing, drink - ing, drink - ing, Vul - gar and pi - ti - ful, pi - ti - ful, pi - ti - ful My heart bowed
Smoothly flowing
ten.
ten.
ten.
down Till I re - mem - bered dul - ler
hours made no - ble By stran - gers clad in some sur - pris - ing grace.
Wait, wait, my soul, wait, my soul, your mu - sic comes ere
mid - night Ap - pear - ing in some un - ex - pect - ed place With
quiv' - ring lips, and gleam - ing, gleam - ing moon - lit face.

What the Coal-Heaver Said

Words by Vachel Lindsay

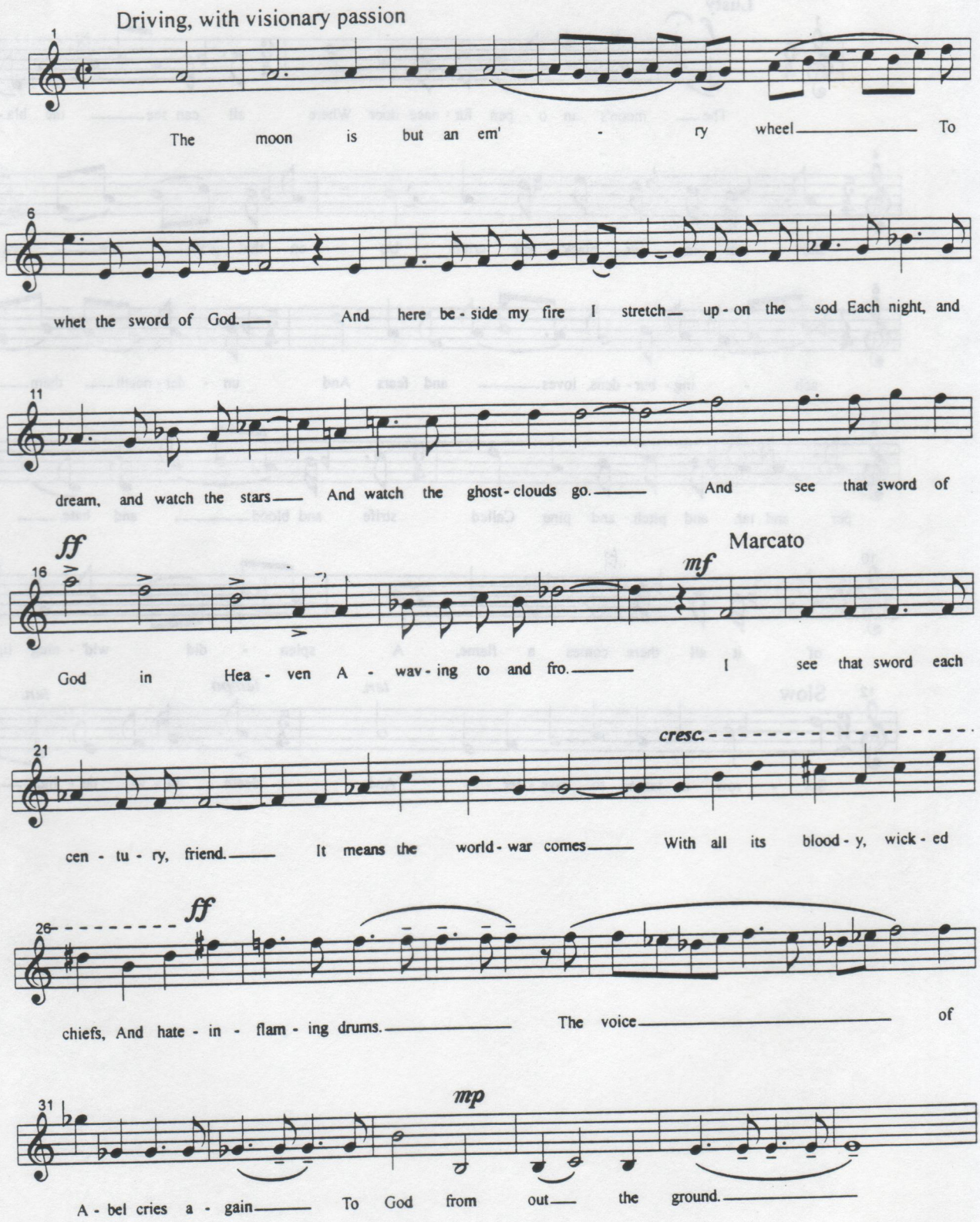
Music by Brian E. Drake


Lusty
f
ten.
The moon's an o - pen fur - nace door Where all can see the bla - hast. We
shov - el in our black - est griefs Up - on that grate are cast Our
ach - ing - bur - dens, loves and fears And un - der - neath them wait Pa -
per and tar, and pitch and pine Called strife and blood and hate. Out
of it all there comes a flame, A splen - did wid' - ning light.
Slow
tempo
Sor - row is turned to mys - ter - y And death in - to de - light.

The Scissors-Grinder

Words by Vachel Lindsay

Music by Brian E. Drake


Driving, with visionary passion
The moon is but an em' - ry wheel To
whet the sword of God. And here be - side my fire I stretch up - on the sod Each night, and
dream, and watch the stars And watch the ghost - clouds go. And see that sword of
ff
Marcato
mf
God in Hea - ven A - wav - ing to and fro. I see that sword each
cresc.
cen - tu - ry, friend. It means the world - war comes With all its blood - y, wick - ed
ff
chiefs, And hate - in - flam - ing drums. The voice of
mp
A - bel cries a - gain To God from out the ground.

37
mf
The dit - ches must flow red, the plague Go stark and
41
f
ff
scream - ing by Each time that sword of God takes
46
mf
Solemn
edge With - in that mid - night sky. And those that
51
scorned their bro - thers here And sowed a wind of shame Will reap the
58
whirl wind as of old And
65
face re - lent - less flame.

What Semiramis Said

Words by Vachel Lindsay

Music by Brian E. Drake

Languorous, with rubato

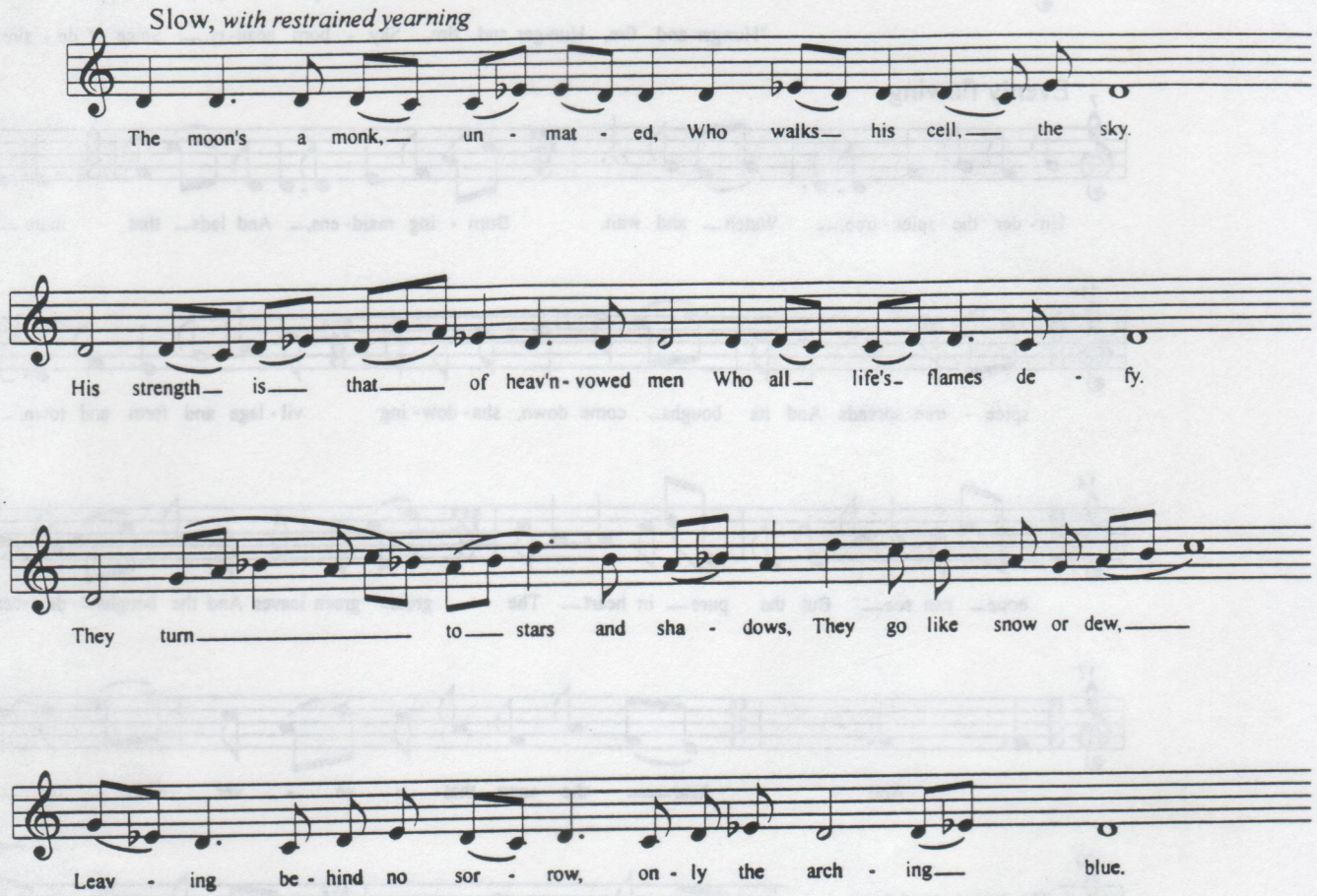
1
p
The moon's a steam - ing cha - lice of
5
hon - ey and ven - om wine. A lit - tle of it sipped by
9
night Makes the long hours di -
13
vine. But oh, my reck - less
18
lov - ers, they drain the cup and wail, Die at my feet with sha - king
22
limbs And ten - der lips all pale. A -
26
bove them in the sky it bends Emp - ty and gray and
31
dead. To - mor - row night 'tis full a - gain, Gold
35
den, and foam - ing red.

The Strength of the Lonely

(What the Mendicant Said)

Words by Vachel Lindsay

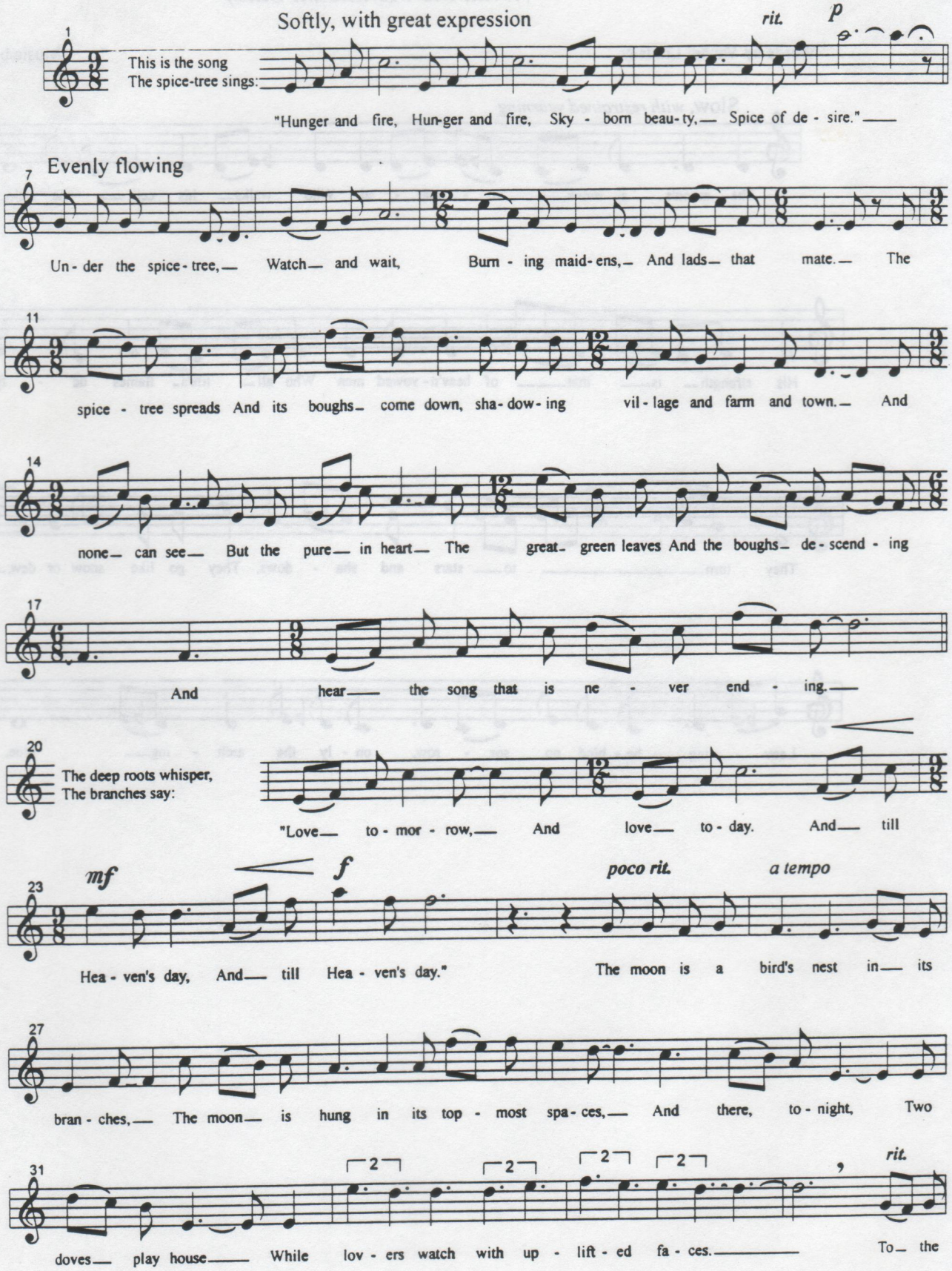
Music by Brian E. Drake

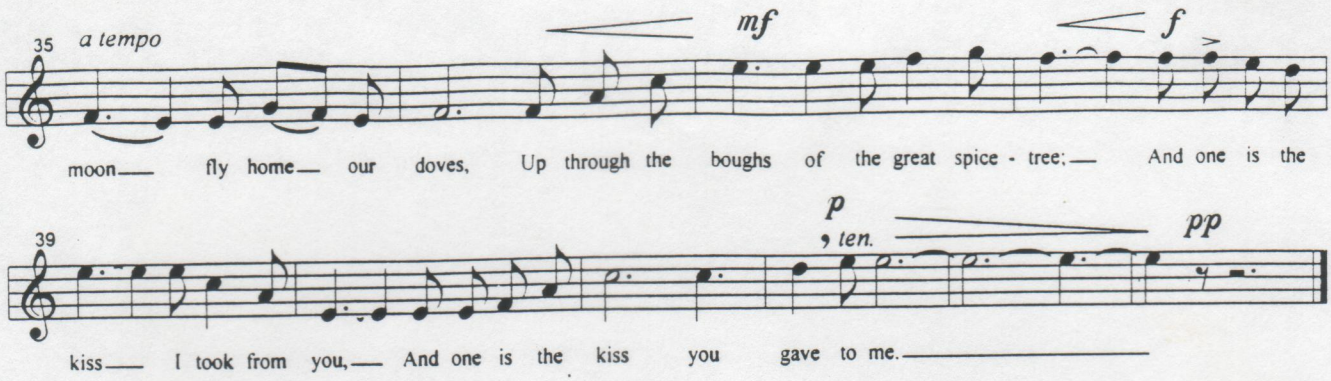

Slow, with restrained yearning
The moon's a monk, un - mat - ed, Who walks his cell, the sky.
His strength is that of heav'n-vowed men Who all life's flames de - fy.
They turn to stars and sha - dows, They go like snow or dew,
Leav - ing be - hind no sor - row, on - ly the arch - ing blue.

The Spice-Tree

Words by Vachel Lindsay

Music by Brian E. Drake


Softly, with great expression
rit.
p
This is the song
The spice-tree sings:
"Hunger and fire, Hun-ger and fire, Sky - born beau-ty,— Spice of de - sire."—
Evenly flowing
Un - der the spice - tree,— Watch— and wait, Burn - ing maid-ens,— And lads— that mate.— The
spice - tree spreads And its boughs— come down, sha-dow-ing vil - lage and farm and town.— And
none— can see— But the pure— in heart— The great— green leaves And the boughs— de - scend - ing
And hear— the song that is ne - ver end - ing.—
The deep roots whisper,
The branches say:
"Love— to - mor - row,— And love— to - day. And— till
mf
f
poco rit.
a tempo
Hea - ven's day, And— till Hea - ven's day." The moon is a bird's nest in— its
bran - ches,— The moon— is hung in its top - most spa - ces,— And there, to - night, Two
2
2
2
2
rit.
doves— play house— While lov - ers watch with up - lift - ed fa - ces.— To— the


35
a tempo
mf
f
moon— fly home— our doves, Up through the boughs of the great spice - tree;— And one is the
39
p
, ten.
pp
kiss— I took from you,— And one is the kiss you gave to me.—